THE

FAIR CIRCASSIAN,

A

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

Done from the *ORIGINAL*

By a GENTLEMAN-COMMONER of OXFORD.

To which are added, ſeveral

OCCASIONAL POEMS,

By the ſame AUTHOR.

——*ſine me, liber, ibis in urbem.* OVID.

The THIRTEENTH EDITION.

Printed in the Year, MDCCLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mrs ANNA MARIA MORDAUNT.

Madam,

THE three graces, which, above all other arts, ſo powerfully charm the ſoul, are poetry, painting and muſic. And each of theſe is nothing elſe, but a certain agreeable beauty made up of a regular compoſition of language, colour and ſound; which, finding their way to the mind, by thoſe two noble inſtruments of ſenſation, the eye and the ear, entertain it in the higheſt perfection. All theſe probably were exerted together in Solomon's fair one, as the preſent age is convinced they are in you. Her language, like yours, was natural poetry; her voice muſic; and the excellent colouring, and formation of her features, painting: but ſtill, like yours, drawn by the inimitable pencil of nature, life itſelf; a pattern for the greateſt maſters, but copying after none; I will not ſay angels are not caſt in the ſame mold.

Thus Solomon was a poet, and thus I tranſlate. He drew the charms which his beautiful Saphira preſented; and I tranſcribe from you. We may equally boaſt of being inſpired, each of our breaſts having been filled with a goddeſs; only with this difference, that my poem ought to excel, as I have had the advantage of a brighter object, whoſe beauties, as yet unſullied by

the wanton gales of love, like new-fallen ſnow, glitter with a ſuperior luſtre.

I USED to contemplate this happy monarch's love with pleaſure, and behold his charmer with admiration. Forgive me, injured maid! I deſpiſed our cold northern iſlands for producing ſo indifferent a race of females; no more to be compared with the idea I had formed of her, than Spenſer's ſnowy lady to the real Florimel. But, when I ſaw you, like the ſtar which is harbinger of the day, dart through the gloom, and glow with charms too bright to be beheld, good gods! how aſtoniſhed, how changed I was! I viewed you, as the angels did the new created world, with exceſſive delight; and, inſtead of admiring Saphira, adored you.

O LOVELY deity, pardon the preſumption of this addreſs, and favour my weak endeavours. If my confeſſion of your divine power is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed from a want of due reſpect, but of a capacity more than human. Whoever thinks of you can no longer be himſelf; and, if he could, ought to be ſomething above man to celebrate the accompliſhments of a goddeſs.

To you I owe my creation as a lover; and in the beams of your beauty only I live, and move, and exiſt. If there ſhould be a total ſuſpenſion of your charms, I muſt fall to nothing. But it ſeems to be out of your power to deprive us of their kind influence; where-ever you ſhine

you fill our hearts, and you are charming out of neceſſity, as the author of nature is good.

You too are heavenly, and therefore muſt be good. O permit me, your deſpairing, yet moſt ſincere ſuppliant, to approach the altar of your beauty; to offer up the firſt fruits of my muſe, and, with a diſtant hope, to implore your favour! My infidel heart was firſt converted by your charms, and will triumph with conſtancy under all the ſufferings it ſhall meet with in their ſervice: and though want of ſufficient merit may juſtly bar it from the expectation of a future bleſſing; yet, O divine being, indulge me the temporal happineſs of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your moſt devoted,

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſlave.

PREFACE.

THOUGH the following tranſlation comes into the world obſcurely, and without a name, as if it were ſome ſpurious offspring not proper to be countenanced; yet give me leave to obſerve, that theſe natural children of the muſes, which are moſt commonly begotten in a heat of poetic blood, and a great vigour and ſtrength of fancy, are often more healthy and long-lived than others, and carry the marks of an eaſier ſpirit and a more florid conſtitution. If to theſe advantages of birth the happy incidents of education are added, ſuch as drawing the refined air of PARNASSUS, playing upon the banks of HELICON, and cooling their youthful heat by repeated draughts of the fountain HIPPOCRENE, I need not ſay how far theſe ſtolen conceptions will exceed any thing that is laboured in the vulgar indifferent way of a cuſtomary eſpouſal. That the thoughts of this performance were as well ſuggeſted by genius and nature as improved by the common rules of art, cannot be queſtioned by thoſe who view the author in that light which he has given us of himſelf; as a young lover, inſpired with the charms, and furniſhed with a deſcription from the beauties of the fair creature, whoſe name he has placed before his dedication.

HE was a gentleman-commoner of OXFORD, the heir and hopes of a family of good condition and repute in that county, whoſe natural and acquired qualities were ſuch as might juſtify a particular panegyric; but, ſince his name is to be concealed, we will mention no other inſtances of that nature, than this only, which his friends have conſented ſhould be made public. He died this laſt winter, of that diſtemper which phyſicians call

a fever upon the ſpirits, when the indiſpoſition ſeems to proceed more from the uneaſineſs of mind than illneſs of body; and is ſuch as either eludes their art, or falls not within their method of preſcription. This deſign ſeems to have been executed the ſummer before, upon his having accidentally been in company with the fair lady, who at once kindled in his breaſt the fires of love and poetry. And this, being a circumſtance never ſuſpected by his friends, has made them apprehenſive that ſome real or imaginary diſcouragement might have hovered over his young paſſion, and given it this fatal blaſt in its ſo early and tender bloom. But as all this is only conjecture, they do not pretend to accuſe any perſon living as acceſſory to their unfortunate loſs; they only deplore their not knowing the particular ſituation of his mind, that they might have endeavoured to apply the proper preſervative. That he deſigned the following ſheets for the preſs ſeems pretty plain, not only from his having written the dedication, but particularly ſpecifying that he had taken the fourth chapter from STEELE's miſcellanies, with ſome few alterations, as he ingenuouſly acknowleges in a marginal note. And therefore, juſt as he left them, they are ſent into the world, with the ſame title-page; by which it looks as if he intended to conceal his own name from public notice, while he had the pleaſure in obſcurity to blazon the charms of his miſtreſs, by copying from her the ſeveral features of the beauty he draws; which, conſidering the eaſtern manner, and allegorical expreſſion, does in his hands become an original. And whether, by thus taking the diſtinct perfections of his celebrated piece from one ſingle perſon, he may have ſucceeded ſo well as APELLES, who drew his VENUS from a collection of beautiful parts taken from a number of the completeſt females he

could meet with, I muſt leave thoſe to judge, who have ſeen the young lady that furniſhed the whole magazine of graces ſo well diſpoſed in this unhappy ſcholar's portrait. Whether he intended to have written any thing by way of preface or apology, we cannot determine; but nothing of that kind appearing, has made us think it proper to give this account of the occaſion, and what follows of the manner of our author's conduct in this affair.

IT is certain that he has all along kept the ſenſe of the vulgar tranſlation in view; and if what he was obliged, by the nature of his deſign, to add, has given no true illuſtration to the ſublime meaning of the allegorical writing; ſo neither may we venture to ſay, has it diminiſhed, or debaſed, or any way altered the ſenſe of it; but left it full as applicable now, as ever it could be in the original. That SOLOMON did not directly and immediately intend this as a kind of OPERA, or dramatic performance, to celebrate the exceeding happineſs he enjoyed in a mutual intercourſe of pleaſures with a woman of his SERAGLIO, can be inſiſted on by no one who conſiders the nature of his own and his father DAVID'S prophetic writings; where, though ſome other meaning than what appears may be couched by a ſupernatural direction; yet the plain and obvious ſenſe was always underſtood of their own affairs, and by them ſuited to ſome particular occurrences of no extraordinary kind.

THIS being allowed, we will endeavour to find out who the perſon was, which has been diſtinguiſhed to poſterity by ſuch a tender deſcription and warm repreſentation of her own and her royal maſter's paſſion. And though this may ſeem to be an inquiry of a nice and difficult nature, but of little or no advantage to the commonwealth of letters; yet I hope to make ſome diſco-

very in it, for an embelliſhment of this particular piece, and for the ſatisfaction of my candid readers, the ladies. I know that this SULTANA has been vulgarly ſuppoſed to be PHARAOH's daughter, becauſe SOLOMON is recorded to have eſpouſed ſuch a one: for, in the * hiſtory of his life and actions, it is expreſsly mentioned, that he entered into an alliance with PHARAOH king of EGYPT, and married his daughter, and brought her home to the city of his father DAVID: and after he had finiſhed the temple at JERUSALEM, and ſome other public edifices of ſtrength and beauty, he built a palace for her particularly; which looks like a mark of very great favour and eſteem; as it probably was, and nothing elſe. For, having married the daughter of ſo powerful a prince as the king of EGYPT, (very likely for reaſons of ſtate, and to ſtrengthen the intereſt of his own country by an alliance with ſo formidable a potentate) he could not help ſhewing all the regard that was due to her high birth and condition, by building her a ſeparate court, and granting her ſuch an allowance as might be ſufficient to ſupport her in a proper grandeur. And this he might do without the leaſt embaraſſment of his private pleaſures, or oppreſſion of his ſubjects; if we conſider, that, by the admirable treaty of commerce which he had eſtabliſhed with a maritime power, he had made gold and ſilver, at home, as plenty as the dirt in the ſtreets. Now, that the lady here introduced could not be this EGYPTIAN princeſs, ſeems reaſonable from hence, becauſe ſhe is characterized as a private perſon, a ſhepherdeſs, one that kept a vineyard, and was uſed ill by her mother's children. All which will correſpond very well with ſomebody elſe; but cannot, without great ſtraining, be drawn

* 1 *Kings* iii. 1. vii. 8. 2 *Chron.* viii. 11.

to ſit ſo illuſtrious a princeſs. Not but that this luxurious and rich prince could well afford to maintain all his concubines, in their ſeveral houſes and gardens of pleaſure, with a magnificence truly royal, as it is probable he did many of them. And this lady ſeems to be attended with a number of female ſlaves appropriated to her own particular uſe: though it is as probable that he often diverted himſelf privately with them as a ſhepherd in maſquerade, in his groves and wilderneſſes, curiouſly conſiſting of the moſt exquiſite rural amuſements, and the moſt delicate collections of flowers, fruits and ſpices. And he is here deſcribed as coming by ſtealth in the night to her chamber or apartment, and ſhe as privately ſollicitous in her ſearch after him; which probably was a concerted deſign upon ſuch occaſions, to enliven their pleaſures, by making them ſeem attended with danger and difficulty: all which are a ſort of little agreeable familiar liberties, not ſo conſiſtent with the formality and ceremony commonly uſed with a royal conſort.

THEREFORE, ſeeing we have ſo good reaſon to conclude that this was not PHARAOH's daughter, we will next endeavour to ſhew who ſhe was. And here we are deſtitute of all manner of light, but what is afforded us by that little ARABIAN manuſcript mentioned in the philoſophical tranſactions of AMSTERDAM 1558, ſaid to be found in a marble cheſt among the ruins of PALMYRA, and preſented to the univerſity of LEYDEN by Dr HERMANNUS HOFFMAN. The contents of which are ſomething in the nature of memoirs of the court of SOLOMON, giving a ſuccinct account of the chief offices and poſts in his houſhold; of the ſeveral funds of the royal revenue; of the diſtinct apartments in his palace there; of the different ſeraglios, being ſixty-two in number in that one city. (Though our young author ſeems to ſuppoſe all

the king's miſtreſſes were kept in one.) Then there is an account given of the SULTANAS; their manner of treatment and living; their birth and country, with ſome touches of their perſonal enduements, how long they continued in favour, and what the reſult was of the king's fondneſs for each of them. Among theſe there is particular mention made of a ſlave of more exceeding beauty than had ever been known before; at whoſe appearance the charms of all the reſt vaniſhed, like ſtars before the morning ſun; that the king cleaved to her with the ſtrongeſt affection, and was not ſeen out of the SERAGLIO where ſhe was kept for above a month. That ſhe was taken captive, together with her mother, out of a vineyard on the coaſt of CIRCASSIA, by a corſair of HIRAM king of TYRE, and brought to JERUSALEM. It is ſaid ſhe was placed in the ninth SERAGLIO, to the eaſt of PALMYRA, which in the HEBREW tongue is called TADMOR. Which, without farther particulars, are ſufficient to convince us, that this was the charming perſon ſung with ſo much rapture by the royal poet, and in the recital of whoſe amour he ſeems ſo tranſported. For ſhe ſpeaks of herſelf as one that kept a vineyard; and her mother's introducing her in one of the gardens of pleaſure, (as it ſeems ſhe did at the firſt preſenting of her to the king) is here diſtinctly mentioned. The manuſcript farther takes notice, that ſhe was called SAPHIRA from the heavenly blue of her eyes; which are hints I find the ingenious tranſlator has taken from ſome converſation we once had upon this head. And now I think, if this roll of parchment may be allowed to have lain uncorrupted ſo many hundred years, as, in a cheſt of durable and firm marble, well cemented and lying in a dry ſandy earth, may not be impoſſible, there can be no reaſon to ſuſpect the fair CIRCASSIAN, and the

celebrated beauty in the ſong, for being different perſons.

I SHALL only beg your patience, kind reader, while I add a word or two more by way of apology for the young gentleman's performance, which you have, ſuch as it is, without any alteration. There are ſome things which I could have wiſhed might have been drawn over with another colouring; and which, had they come to my view in my pupil's life-time, as his tutor, I ſhould have adviſed him to have caſt in another form. But being become, as it were, a relique ſince his death, I look upon it as a kind of profaneneſs to change its ſhape, as well as profeſs my want of capacity to ſet any thing of this kind in a more beautiful light. Yet I would fain excuſe what I am not certain to be irreprovable; and muſt deſire the reader of a nice ear, if he meets with any thing not ſo well tuned, to conſider it as the firſt attempt of a novice, whoſe eagerneſs is apt to precipitate them too much, eſpecially in their firſt performances; though, from my pupil's uſual correctneſs in his college-exerciſe, I may venture to pronounce of him what OVID did of himſelf, when prevented from reviewing his works by a leſs fatal occaſion.

Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat.

Whatever is too puerile, looſe, or ſuperfluous, would certainly in a great meaſure have been pruned away; and the roughneſſes filed and poliſhed into a more agreeable luſtre. But, however, I will venture to ſay, as it is, that the images, which here and there appear in a looſe dreſs, are no more than copies of the antique drapery, and, to any who would be thought free from prudery, may appear without the leaſt exception. If the muſe is bold and plain in the original, ſhe only puts

on an air of freedom, to take an opportunity of diſcovering ſome of her beauties; and if the copyiſt uſes the ſame artifice, though he miſcarries in his attempt, he ſhould not be blamed for endeavouring to imitate ſuch a maſter-ſtroke. The great fear is that he has drawn his copy in too faint a light; which very fault, if he be guilty of it, will ſcreen him from the imputation of having run into the other extreme, and outdone the boldneſs of his original.

For my part, if I be allowed to ſpeak without ſuſpicion of partiality, I think it inferior to few of the productions of late years, for the ſublimity of diction and harmony of numbers. Were any of our modern tragedies interlaced with ſome of the golden wires drawn from theſe love-ſpeeches, how would they glitter and dazzle the ears of the audience, and ſet off the dry and inſipid ſtuff with which moſt of their coarſe-ſpun pages are lined!

Purpureus, late qui ſplendeat, unus et alter
Aſſuitur pannus.——

Whereas this is a whole piece of rich glowing ſcarlet; which, cut out into thin ſhreds, and ſtitched upon their heroes and princeſſes, would ſhine through a hundred plays; filling the heads of the beaus with rapture, and the hearts of the ladies with tenderneſs; dwelling upon their lips in endleſs repetitions, and obliging them to ſpend their agreeable voices in paſſionate encomiums upon the author.

But I have done. I pray this fondneſs may be excuſed; as guardian to a virgin muſe, I may be allowed to recommend my charge in my own market-phraſe; and, provided the world is but civil to that, they have my free leave to take what liberties they pleaſe with my awkward and odd manner of introducing it.

Oxon. March 25, 1720.

THE
FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

PROLOGUE.

VIRGINS of ALBION! ye fair female kind,
Who live to love's ſoft meaſures well inclin'd,
Whoſe gentler minds have known the pleaſing ſmart,
And felt his venom tickling thro' your heart,
To you the following tender ſcenes I write;
To you, beſt judges of the beſt delight.
Thrice happy he who could his muſe employ
To heighten and improve ſo fine a joy!
Hence the ſoft ſex conveniently may find
What pleaſures flow from love with prudence join'd,
What ſweet ideas flutter in the breaſt,
By melting lips what raptures are expreſt;
How ſafe the joys that fill their circling arms,
When men of ſenſe are truſted with their charms.
Nor let the ſtyle or foreign phraſe offend,
'Twas thus thoſe EASTERN beaus their paſſion penn'd;
The ſentiments were ſuch, in ſuch a pair,
Where he was moſt diſcreet, and ſhe moſt fair:
Tho' we may well conclude, from what is writ,
The man had beauty, and the woman wit.
Attend! the lady firſt ſhall ſilence break;
'Tis thus the faithful ſtory makes her ſpeak.

CANTO. I.

SHE.

O LOVE! thy mighty burnings who can bear!
What thirſt, what fever can with mine compare!
With ſpeed conduct me to the lovely ſwain
That fires my ſoul, and cauſes all my pain;
'Tis only that dear youth, whoſe balmy kiſs
Can mitigate my ſmart with healing bliſs.
O come, my deareſt! come, and hither bring
Thy lips adorned with all the blooming ſpring.
A thouſand ſweets their fragrant atoms blend;
Which, in a gale of joy, thy breath attend:
Such ſoothing cordials to my ſoul apply;
Heal me with kiſſes, love, or elſe I die;
With poignant taſteful kiſſes, ſuch as thine,
Whoſe flavour far excells the richeſt wine.
At the dear mention of thy charming name,
The bluſhing NYMPHS diſcloſe their hidden flame;
While ZEPHYRS bland the pleaſing accents bear,
Perfumes are wafted thro' the gentle air;
The pow'rful ſound enchants the liſtning grove,
And tender damſels ſicken into love.
Where-e'er you go, wher-e'er your ſteps you move.
Thither I'm hurried on the wings of love;
His ſilken cords my yielding limbs enthral,
And I muſt follow my beloved's call;
But, while ſuch mighty charms as his invite,
My chains are tranſport, and my taſk delight.
What wou'd my prince, my lovely tyrant have?
Oh! whither wou'dſt thou draw thy willing ſlave?

I ſee, I ſee the golden doors unfold,
The royal bed, with raptures, I behold;
To thee my virgin bluſhes I reſign,
And, ſpite of inbred modeſty, I'm thine.
Ecſtatic pleaſure fills my gaſping ſoul,
As wines, profuſely pour'd, o'erflow the bowl:
O ſtay, my flitting ſenſes, and record
The bliſs theſe momentary joys afford;
Yes, to thy kind endearments I'll be true,
And give thy wondrous love its praiſes due.

Ye TIRZAN maids, whoſe ſkins allure the ſight
With milky fields of pure unblemiſh'd white,
My artleſs beauties, tho', compar'd with you,
They ſeem to fade and give a browner hue,
Are beauties ſtill, and only lock leſs fair,
Sun-burnt and tarniſh'd with the noontide air.
I of ſix daughters was the lateſt born,
My mother's darling, but my ſiſters ſcorn;
My opening bloom with jealous eyes they view'd,
And fell revenge their envious minds purſu'd;
Me lonely to the diſtant hills they ſend,
Helpleſs myſelf, the vineyards to defend:
Where ſouthern blaſts and rays of ſcorching heat
Did on my face and tender boſom beat.
Yet I, with patience, in their vineyards lay
Whole dewy nights, and watch'd 'em all the day:
Ah! me; my own, but ill ſecur'd the while,
To bold rapacious love became a ſpoil.
Rudely he leapt the mounds, the fence deſtroy'd,
Nor ceas'd till with the budding cluſters cloyed.

Tell me, my lovely ſpoiler, thy retreat;
I now forgive; for oh! the theft was ſweet.
If you, a prince, will grace the ſhining court,
Let me, your ſlave, among your train reſort:

Or if, in ſhepherds weeds, you'll humbly deign
To feed your flock along th' extending plain;
Tell me beneath what coolly ſpreading ſhade
At noon-tide hours thy lovely limbs are laid;
Tell me, my charmer, leſt I chance to ſtray
Among the ſhepherds tents, and loſe my way.

HE.

O faireſt of thy ſex! to hear thy voice
The ſhepherds and their ſheep alike rejoice;
Whoſe bleatings from the plain ſalute thine ear,
And tell the flocks and cottages are near:
The little path their cloven feet have trod,
Will bring thee to thy longing ſwain's abode;
There may thy kidlings browze the ſhrubby green,
And we ly ſhelter'd in the leafy ſcene.
How gracefully, my love, thy charms appear!
How unaffected all thy motions are!
Like art thy very negligences ſhine,
And beauty moves in every ſtep of thine.
So tread the manag'd ſteeds with comely gait,
Harneſs'd to draw the gilded coach of ſtate,
Whoſe eaſy ſhapes in juſt proportion riſe,
And gratify the pleas'd ſpectator's eyes.
Tranſparent pendents, with a brilliant light,
Adorn thy cheeks and point 'em to the ſight:
The chains that circle round thy neck with gold,
In ſtronger links the fatal gazers hold.
Haſte, haſte, ye nymphs, with curious fingers ply
The loom, and interweave the various dye;
Let flowers of ſilver round the borders ſhine,
Mixt with a running train of golden twine;
With theſe adorn my fair, for vulgar ſight;
But me her native charms alone delight.

SHE.

How my perfumes, by cloſe embraces preſt,
Fly out and hang upon my charmer's veſt!
And, while he banquets at the royal board,
To all around a fragrant ſcent afford.
But, when in amorous folds our boſoms meet,
My love himſelf is like rich odours ſweet;
Grateful as myrrh he dwells upon my breaſt,
And ſoothes my panting ſoul to downy reſt.
Who can thy manly graces truly paint,
Or how deſcribe, where all deſcription's faint!
Thy charms the reſt of humankind ſurpaſs,
As loftier vines excel the lowly graſs;
Or, as among the twiſting vines is ſeen
The cluſter'd camphire with ſuperior green,
Oh! how tranſcendently my love is fair!
To paint his beauties, what ſhall I compare!
How languiſhing his eyes! like cooing doves,
Emitting at each glance their mutual loves.
Behold, my life, our dear expecting bed
With coverlets of lively verdure ſpread:
Columns of cedar, of the choiceſt grain,
In rows the ſilken canopy ſuſtain;
Of inlaid fir the level floor: above,
The vaulted cieling glows with pictur'd love.

CANTO II.

HE.

A BLOOM like thine attends the vernal roſe,
Such white the lily of the valley ſhows,
As theſe among the briers diſtinguiſh'd ſtand,
So you excel the daughters of the land.

SHE.

And you, my prince, ſo eminently fair
Above the brighteſt ſons of men appear,
As the pomgranate, with its golden rind,
Exceeds the neighb'ring trees of ſilvan kind.
Under his ſhade with ſweet delight I lay,
Protected kindly from the ſultry day;
His fruits, with eager appetite, I eat,
Indulg'd my taſte, and cool'd my fainting heat.
Me and my charmer, now, from noon-tide bow'rs,
To ſpend in various ſcenes our bliſsful hours;
Love to the banqueting pavilion brings,
And o'er our heads unfurls his trembling wings.
His ſilken banner hovers in the air,
And love diſplays himſelf emblazon'd there.
With fev'riſh heat he ſeizes every part,
Burns in my veins, and revels in my heart.
O bring, of cool ſherbet, an ample bowl,
Allay my flame, and pour it on my ſoul;
My ebbing life with ſpritely fruits repair,
And ſoothe my raging breaſt, for love is there.
Yet oh! how ſoft, how pleaſant is the bed!
When on his arm I lean my love-ſick head:
On his left-arm my love ſick head I place,
His right infolds me with a warm embrace.
Soft, I adjure you, by the nimble fawns,
And hinds that bound acroſs the flow'ry lawns,
Ye ſportive damſels, that ye ſoftly move,
Nor with your voices wake my ſleeping love.
Hark! thro' the dawn a heavenly muſic breaks,
It thrills my ſoul, for my beloved ſpeaks.
Up, like the bounding hart, he ſprings, he flies,
And thro' the latteſs darts his radiant eyes:

To me he calls, ariſe, ariſe! my fair;
Calm is the morning, and ſerene the air;
The wintry cold is gone, the genial ſpring
Provokes the flow'rs to blow, the birds to ſing;
The wanton turtle, in the neighb'ring grove,
Sits cooing, and renews his tale of love;
Behold! the pregnant fig begins to ſhoot,
The vine in cluſters yields its purple fruit;
All nature ſmiling welcomes in the day:
Ariſe, my lovely fair, and come away.

H E.

From the cool grottos of the rock I hear
My charmer's voice, and bleſs my raviſh'd ear.
Come forth, my dove, complete thy ſwain's delight,
And give thy beauteous perſon to his ſight.
Haſte, haſte, ye nimble hunters, ſpread the net,
With many a toil the vineyards 'round beſet,
The wily foxes take, and from the vines,
Avert the little vermin's fell deſigns:
Our vineyards now the nobleſt grapes produce,
The ripen'd cluſters ſwell with purple juice.

S H E.

I am my prince's and my prince is mine,
Link'd with a mutual love our hearts combine;
Among the lilies he abides all day,
Himſelf as fair, himſelf as ſweet as they.
The dews deſcend, the duſky clouds ariſe,
Night draws her ſable curtain o'er the ſkies:
Return, my wand'ring paramour, return,
With me repoſe, and wait the coming morn.
Fly to my arms, and let thy nimble ſpeed,
The mountain roe or the wild hart exceed.

CANTO III.

SHE.

THE buſy world is huſh'd in ſilent night,
The ſilver moon diſplays her paler light;
When ſleepleſs on my bed I ly alone,
For ah! the partner of my ſoul is gone.
In vain I ſend my ſearching hands around,
My lovely wanderer is no where found.
Inward I grieve, and with confuſed haſte
My mantle o'er my ſhoulders ſlightly caſt.
Then thro' the city run, with eager pace,
And ſeek my fugitive from place to place.
Breathleſs and faint I range o'er ev'ry ſtreet,
And move, with pain, my tender falt'ring feet.
The nightly watch I hail, and thus enquire,
Saw you the object of my ſoul's deſire?
They knew not of him; ſcarce from that I paſt,
But ſtraight I found and held my charmer faſt.
Around his neck my longing arms I flung,
Flew to his lips, and on his beauties hung:
Then to my mother's houſe my captive led,
And fondly drew him to the genial bed.

Ye daughters of the land, paſs gently by,
Behold my love, but with a ſilent eye:
I charge you, by the hinds and foreſt roes,
Not to diſturb him in his ſoft repoſe.

See! from the ſecret bow'r of love he comes,
The ambient air is fill'd with his perfumes;
Where-e'er he goes, he breathes a ſpicy breeze,
And wafts ambroſial fragrance thro' the trees.

Behold his bed! the guards around it ſtand,
Threeſcore, the ſtouteſt ſons of all the land;
Their valiant breaſts are ſtampt with many a ſcar,
At home rever'd, and terrible in war:
Each on his thigh a mighty ſabre wears,
To free the night from falſe alarming fears.
Pillars, with ſilver cornice wrought above,
Whoſe baſe is gold, ſuſtain the rich alcove:
Sweet woods of LEBANON the frame compoſe,
The lofty canopy with purple glows:
The middle, pav'd with downy love, invites
The virgin nymphs to taſte its ſoft delights.
Approach, fond maids, and ſee my lovely king
Crown'd with the beauties of the gaudy ſpring,
The garland his indulgent mother wove,
Againſt the ſolemn feſtival of love.

CANTO IV.

HE.

YOUR envious thoughts conceal, ye rival throng,
And while I ſing my fair, attend my ſong.
Her dove-like eyes ten thouſand charms diſpenſe,
Breathing at once both love and innocence.
Behold! adown her neck the wavy locks
Friſk like exulting kids o'er GILEAD'S rocks.
Her ivory teeth in beauteous order ſtand,
Like ſheep new-waſh'd and whiten'd on the ſtrand;
When, dropping from the flood their ſnowy ſkins
Each with their lambs appears, and each with twins.
Her lips like threads of ſcarlet brightly glow;
In ſweeteſt ſounds her moving accents flow.

Around her cheeks ſoft circling treſſes ſhine,
Juſt as the tender ringlets of the vine
Round the plump fruit their wanton curls entwine.
Her marble neck the ſparkling gems adorn,
As blazing PHOSPHOR gilds the roſy morn,
Shap'd like the lofty tow'r in SION's fields,
Studded and hung with warriors mighty ſhields.
Her breaſts, where love and all his graces dwell,
Pregnant with bloom and rip'ning beauties ſwell;
Like young twin-roes that graze the verdant meads,
With buds juſt ſprouting from their velvet heads.

Hence to the hills of myrrh I'll haſte away,
Where ſpicy breezes round my head ſhall play;
There ſpend in gentle dreams the gloomy night,
Till morning ſun reſtores his golden light.

From rocky LEBANON return, my love,
To HERMON's dewy hill and SHENIR's grove.
See from AMANA's green and ſhady brow
The diſtant proſpect of the vales below.
Securely hence the ſpotted leopard view.
Nor fear the rugged lion's brindled hue.

O maid, divinely fair! whoſe every part,
Like pointed lightning melts my raviſh'd heart;
Fill'd with your love I lothe the charms of wine,
Nor for the vineyard's purple ſtores repine.
So ſweet you breathe, that whereſoe'er you go,
The gales of ſpicy SABA ſeem to blow.

Thy kindly lips a luſcious juice diſtil,
And every kiſs with liquid honies fill:
With ſcents of LEBANON thy veſture crown'd
Scatters reviving odours all around:
The various ſweets which feed the thymy bee,
My dear, my lovely princeſs, are in thee.

The garden thus, ſome ſpot of pleaſure, lies
Inclos'd for privacy from vulgar eyes;
In thee each flow'r uprears its colour'd head,
Soft vernal airs the bloomy buds diſpread;
Joys ever ſmiling in thy glances play,
As trembling ſtreams reflect the gilded day.
Spikenard and cinnamon, that loves the vale,
Rich thural fruits, in thee, their ſweets exhale:
Saffron, with CASSIA's orient precious oil,
Supply'd by bleſt ARABIA's fruitful ſoil,
Whoſe ſpicy rind, with ſmelling gum diſtent,
Breathes thro' the air a kind balſamic ſcent:
While fragrant dews in fleecy vapours riſe,
And balmy clouds perfume the azure ſkies.

SHE.

Awake, O ZEPHYR, or thou ſouthern breeze,
In gentle murmurs fan the branchy trees;
With ſoothing breath upon my garden blow,
That grateful ſmells from ev'ry plant may flow.
Let my beloved, in the cooly ſhade,
On beds of flow'rs repoſe his love-ſick head;
Or with delicious fruitage pleaſe his taſte,
Be fill'd with joy, and bleſs the kind repaſt.

CANTO V.

HE.

DELIGHTS ſo ſweet the ſprings and grottos give,
That in thy garden I would ever live.
Where-e'er I turn, enchanting ſcenes ariſe,
To glad my ſoul, and entertain my eyes,

I came, my fair, I came a willing gueſt,
On thy delicious pleaſant fruits to feaſt:
Of gums and myrrh I robb'd each ſpicy tree,
I ſipp'd the balmy labours of the bee:
For me the vine with purple cluſters glow'd,
With milk the nut, the peach with nectar flow'd:
O here, my fair, for ever let us ſtay,
And ſpend in love and wine the live-long day.

SHE.

I ſleep, but ſtill my liſt'ning fancy wakes,
A voice informs me my beloved ſpeaks;
"To thy dear arms, he cries, my lovely fair,
"Receive me from the dark inclement air:
"The vapours fall, the driſtely dews diſtil,
"The drops of night my locks with moiſture fill:
"Ariſe, my fair, unfold the bolted doors;
"Ariſe, 'tis I; thy wanderer implores."
Alas! the dark'ning ſhades my ſandals hide,
My mantle's negligently thrown aſide;
Can I now find it? or defile again
My feet juſt waſh'd, and from the bathing clean?
Yet will I come all barefoot and undreſt,
And claſp thee dropping to my warmer breaſt.
Upon the lock my prince's fingers move,
The ſound diſſolves my pitying ſoul to love:
I roſe, I flew with ſpeed to let him in,
But too much haſte obſtructed my deſign:
O'er ev'ry bolt my wand'ring fingers ſtray
Perfum'd, and leave ſweet odours by the way.
But when I open'd, ah! my love was gone,
Tir'd out with my delay he had withdrawn.
Sore on my mind the diſappointment hung,
My ſoul regret and ſharp vexation ſtung.

Again my mournful voice I ſent around,
But only echo babbled to the ſound.
Then madly thro' the ſilent ſtreet I ran,
Hoping to find the dear excluded man:
Alone I hurried on my giddy flight,
Nor fear'd the lurking dangers of the night.
The watch, to whom I tenderly complain'd,
With foul reproach my ſpotleſs honour ſtain'd:
My looſe attire the ſentinels deſcry'd,
And rudely would have drawn my veil aſide.
Pity my caſe, ye virgins of the plain,
Whene'er ye take, reſtore my wand'ring ſwain:
For him I languiſh, and my love-ſick mind
Without his preſence no relief can find.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

How bleſt, how more than bleſt the happy ſwain,
For whom ſo fine a creature can complain!
Deſcribe, thou fair, this partner of thy breaſt,
Shew us how he ſo far excels the reſt;
O ſay what charms, with ſuch ſuperior grace,
Finiſh his perſon and adorn his face!

SHE.

His face with far tranſcendent beauty glows,
As the rich ſtandard in the ſquadron ſhows;
His charms ſuch bright diſtinguiſh'd luſtre wear,
Among ten thouſand he'd the chief appear.
A youthful red with intermingled white
Sets off his features in a pleaſant light.
Shining his hair, and of a raven black,
In waving ringlets falls adown his back:
Arm'd with a tender languiſhment his eyes
Pleaſe while they wound, and kill without ſurpriſe:

So ſoft, and ſo alluring turtles look,
That bill and coo beſide the purling brook.
His blooming cheeks reſemble vernal flow'rs,
Warm'd with the ſun and plump'd with APRIL ſhow'rs.
His melting lips like new-blown roſe-buds meet,
Bedew'd and dropping with a balmy ſweet.
But oh! his fragrant kiſſes who can tell!
So much beyond deſcription they excel.
Where can his matchleſs hand a rival find?
So turn'd the fingers, and ſo fitly join'd!
Rings for embelliſhment by ſome are worn;
His finer hands the very gems adorn.
His ſkin, like poliſh'd ivory, ſmooth and fair,
His veins like rows of inlaid ſaphires are,
His ſhapely legs, like marble pillars, hold
The fabric riſing from a baſe of gold.
His form a proſpect ſo inviting wears,
As crown'd with cedars LEBANON appears,
When with the ſloping ſun 'tis gilded bright,
And bleſſes with its ſmile the diſtant ſight.
Such is my love, ye virgins, ſuch the ſwain
That gives me pleaſure with alternate pain.

CANTO VI.

CHORUS.

BRIGHT maid, ah! whither is thy charmer gone,
And left thee here defenceleſs and alone?
Tell us, that we may range the ſtreets, the grove,
Or garden, till we find the man you love.

SHE.

Sure to the garden he has bent his flight,
For there's his pleaſure and his ſoul's delight;
Nor wonder that all night he revels there,
A wilderneſs of ſpice perfumes the air;
Citrons above, and fragrant flow'rs beneath,
In ev'ry walk their grateful odours breathe:
Fruits with delicious pulp his thirſt appeaſe,
And riſing lilies form his couch of eaſe.
Happy, if while he views the pleaſing ſcene,
Some tender thoughts of me break in between.

HE.

What other object can admittance find,
While you, dear bright idea, fill my mind?
Should TIRZAH with her gilded turrets riſe,
The landſkip paint, and mingle with the ſkies;
Place but my fair, my beauteous princeſs near,
Her charms the finer proſpect would appear.
Shou'd armies march along in meet array,
Their ſpears advance, their enſigns wide diſplay;
Her eyes wou'd more exalted glories dart,
With more ſurpriſe wou'd thrill the gazer's heart.
Nouriſh'd by their propitious beams I live,
Yet ſcarce can bear the ſplendor that they give:
So ſhines the morning ſun with kindly light,
But who can view his blaze without an aking ſight?
Unnumber'd females, of a form divine,
The ſoft ſeraglio's private walls confine;
Where blooming virgins ripen to deſire,
And bright ſultanas glow with practis'd fire:
Oft, as I ſigh, amidſt the beauteous throng,
For all by turns, but not for any long,

From charm to charm with eager guſt I rove,
Reſolv'd to taſte variety of love;
But ſoon as I behold my heav'nly fair,
My wandring fancy ſtops, and ſettles there.
The beauties of the ſex I find in one,
For ſhe's a magazine of charms alone:
The ſlighted nymphs yet bliſs her with their voice,
And envy's ſelf approves the happy choice.
But who is this that with her glorious eyes,
Looks like the morn, and emulates the ſkies?
Fair as the moon, reflecting ſilver light,
Strong as the golden ſun, and beamy bright.
So glittering ſpears that gild the dreadful war
With fatal gleams ſhine trembling from afar.
Down in the grove of ſpices as I ſtood,
To view the riſing flow'rs and pregnant bud;
The trees in verdure green, with bloomy ſhade
And mingled light, a lively landſkip made;
Yet when her diſtant eyes like ſtars appear,
My ready ſenſes ſtart and center there:
Wing'd with deſire my ſoul outflies the wind,
And the bright ſcene neglected leaves behind.

CANTO VII.

HE.

HER ſlender feet, moſt lovely to behold,
Are cas'd in purple buſkins wrought with gold;
Her well-turn d legs and full proportion'd thighs,
Charm by degrees, and with new beauties riſe;
The joints with dimples ſmiling; and above,
The ſpring of bliſs, the bubbling fount of love.

Plump is her belly, but how ſmoothly plain!
Like fields of wheat impregnated with rain;
White as the ſilver lily's ſnowy bloom,
Smelling with dew, and fragrant with perfume.
Her even breaſts like the roe's younglings play,
And panting bound luxuriant as they:
Like velvet buds the crimſon nipples riſe,
Firm to the touch and grateful to the eyes.
Fair as an ivory column's tow'ring height,
Her lofty neck advances to the ſight.
Her eyes reflect the fountain's limpid hue,
Clear as the ſky and of a heav'nly blue.
Like beams of milder light divinely fair,
Bound back and braided ſhines her ſilken hair.
The king, in paſſing, her bright form admires,
And feels within his breaſt ſoft kindling fires;
Held in the galleries a ſlave to love,
Intent he gazes, and forgets to move.

How fair art thou, my queen, thy charms how bright!
For pleaſure form'd, and finiſh'd for delight:
Tall as the palm thy mien, thy juicy breaſt,
Like cluſt'ring grapes, inviting to be preſt.
Let me the ſtraight the ſtately bole aſcend,
Graſp'd in my arms the blooming boughs ſhall bend;
The cluſt'ring vine in my embrace ſhall bleed,
And on thy fragrant balmy breath I'll feed.
Thy lips, whoſe taſte exceeds the richeſt wine,
Shall feaſt my palate and my bliſs refine:
This with new pleaſure will our joys prolong,
Make dulneſs briſk, and wearied nature young.

SHE.

Thy tranſports, love, with what delight I hear!
Such fondneſs raviſhes my liſt'ning ear,

With thee I'll range the diſtant lonely fields,
Where the freſh ſpring eternal pleaſure yields;
Where the low village, free from noiſy ſtrife,
Unheeded drinks the real ſweets of life.
There let us lodge, and with the morning ſun
Our courſe of pleaſing toil together run;
Obſerve the vine its tender bud diſcloſe,
How with young bloom the new pomegranate glows:
How ripening fruits in embryo appear,
The grateful proſpect of a plenteous year.
There, on ſome bank reclin'd, whilſt over head
Embow'ring jaſmines their ſweet odours ſhed,
Claſping and claſp'd with ever-twining arms,
Unenvy'd I'll enjoy thy manly charms,
Give up my hidden beauties to thy ſight,
And die in extaſies of full delight.

CANTO VIII.

SHE.

OH! that thou wert, as once my brother was,
Free and familiar to my fond embrace;
When ſmiling both, both innocent and young,
One breaſt we ſuck'd, and on one boſom hung.
Then, without ſhame, I'd publicly employ
Each paſſing minute to improve my joy.
Graſp thy dear hand, and with a ſiſter's kiſs
Uncenſur'd ſteal a momentary bliſs:
And when impatient of the raging fire,
A mutual ſenſe ſhou'd prompt us to retire,
Fearleſs I'd lead thee to my mother's bed,
And on thy boſom lay my raptur'd head:

By her inſtructed in the arts of love,
My paſſion might with apteſt graces move;
While rich collations, crown'd with cordial wine,
To feed our flame, like fuel, ſhould combine.
Be gone, ye female ſlaves, my voice obey:
Fly, and attend with ſilence far away:
Perhaps my love, to ſolitude inclin'd,
In gentle ſlumbers will indulge his mind.

HE.

Lean on my arm, on me thy head recline,
The care to guard my charmer's ſteps be mine:
Thy poſture now revives the pleaſing thought
How thou wert firſt to my embraces brought.
Beneath a lofty cedar's gloomy ſhade,
On the green turf my languid limbs were laid,
Thy mother came, and lo! ſhe led along
Her dear SAPHIRA, beautiful and young;
When ſtreight ſhe gave thee to my longing ſide,
And I with ardour ſeiz'd the bluſhing bride.
The reſt is paſt deſcription——; now no more
Love was outrageous, for his fit was o'er:
I rais'd thee fainting from the fragrant green,
The conſcious print among the flow'rs was ſeen;
My arm, as now, ſuſtain'd thy lovely frame,
Sweet was the pleaſure then, and now the ſame.

SHE.

Light of my life, oh! take me to thy heart,
Nor ever with thy fond SAPHIRA part:
Oh! ſeal me, ſtamp me on thy tender mind,
And leave the ſtrong impreſſion deep behind.
For love, like death, his ſceptre ſternly ſways,
Whene'er the tyrant calls, the ſlave obeys.

His paſſion, turn'd to jealouſy, will rave
Fierce as a whirlwind, cruel as the grave,
For ever burnt and burning with deſire,
As coals that glow with unconſuming fire.
Let guſhing brooks and ſwelling torrents roll
Their cooling waters o'er the love-ſick ſoul,
Yet will ſurvive the bright unſullied flame,
Its vigour lively, and its heat the ſame.
Ranſack the ſolid globe for wealth, and ſweep
The ſecret valleys of th' unfathom'd deep;
Give all to love, and bribe him to be kind,
Yet ſtill you'll feel his fetters on your mind:
Whate'er you ſtake, his value's ſtill above,
And nothing balances but love for love.

H E.

Then be it publiſh'd thro' the ſpacious eaſt,
How much, how dearly SOLOMON is bleſt.
Shew how his palaces and temples riſe
With glitt'ring roofs aſpiring to the ſkies;
Paint his fair gardens, and diſcloſe the groves,
The private ſcenes of his repeated loves;
The purling falls of water, to invite
Soft ſlumbers, and divert with freſh delight:
Deſcribe his ivory throne, his pompous ſtate,
With all the gaudy names that ſound him great:
But tell the world that theſe are triffling things
Compared to her from whom his pleaſure ſprings.
For grandeur and for glorious fame deſign'd
To awe the vulgar, and amuſe mankind,
Mere bubbles made for wonder and for ſhow;
His real joys from dear SAPHIRA flow.
And, leſt the dazzling mines from OPHIR brought
To after-ages ſhould ſuggeſt a thought,

That he, who cou'd command ſo rich a prize,
Might well be bleſt, might well be counted wiſe,
Let future times in laſting verſe be told,
His fair one made him happy, not his gold.

SHE.

Sweet are the accents of thy heav'nly voice!
The groves are pleas'd, the liſt'ning ſwains rejoice;
The little birds ſuſpend their flutt'ring wing,
Hover in ſilence, and forget to ſing.
Once more with that enchanting muſic chear
My longing ſoul, my fond expecting ear.
O come with all thy dear delightful charms:
Ruſh on my breaſt, and dart into my arms:
Oh, haſte, my life, and with thy nimbler ſpeed
The mountain roe or the wild hart exceed.

THE END.

BRITISH MUSEUM 12 FE 74

OCCASIONAL

POEMS

By the ſame AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE kind reception, with which my late pupil's performance has been intertained by people of a diſtinguiſhed taſte and condition, has gone ſo far as to honour it with ſeveral new impreſſions, which the printer having thought proper to ſet forth in a ſize more convenient for the hand or pocket, he importuned me for ſome other pieces of the author to fill up the ſupernumerary pages of his laſt ſheet. Therefore, in compliance with his requeſt, I ſent him the following poems, as what I judged ſufficient for the ſupplement he deſired: and their being ſo much upon the ſubject of love, makes them the leſs unfit to be added upon this occaſion. I believe the remains which I have of his are enough to fill a pretty large volume, which may all in their ſeveral turns ſee the light. Theſe, which are here communicated to the town, were ſome of them written during the time of an excurſion, which the young gentleman made to London, ſome few winters ago. Where-ever he went, love was ſtill uppermoſt in his mind; ſo that he ſeems to have lived, as well as died, for that darling paſſion. I could wiſh it had excluded, from his imagination, thoughts of a leſs innocent nature, which he ſeems to have borrowed from the free-thinking

frequenters of Button's: ſince I cannot help ſuſpecting that thoſe, who are ſo apt to expatiate upon the pious frauds of the ancient heathens, would, if they durſt, be little leſs forward in their conſtructions of the rites and ceremonies of modern Chriſtianity.

Oxon. Feb. 15th.
1720.

THE
MIDSUMMER WISH.

———Quis me gelidis ſub montibus Haemi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra! VIRG.

Written when the author was at Eton ſchool.

WAFT me, ſome ſoft and cooling breeze,
To WINDSOR's ſhady kind retreat,
Where ſilvan ſcenes, wide-ſpreading trees,
Repel the dog-ſtar's raging heat:

Where tufted graſs and moſſy beds
Afford a rural calm repoſe;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant ſweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy THAMES, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling valley plays;
His glaſſy ſurface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadow ſtrays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty ſwell,
Where-e'er his purer ſtreams are ſeen,
The gods of health and pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arm, once more divide;

In thee my glowing boſom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling tide.

Lay me, with damaſk roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome oſier's duſky ſhade,
Where water-lilies deck the ground,
Where bubbling ſprings refreſh the glade.

Let dear LUCINDA too be there,
With azure mantle ſlightly dreſt.
Ye nymphs, bind up her flowing hair,
Ye ZEPHYRS, fan her panting breaſt.

O haſte away, fair maid, and bring
The muſe, the kindly friend to love;
To thee alone the muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal grove.

SYLVIA.

WERE I invited to a nectar feaſt
In heav'n, and VENUS nam'd me for her gueſt;
Tho' MERCURY the meſſenger ſhould prove,
Or her own ſon, the mighty god of love;
At the ſame inſtant let but honeſt TOM
From SYLVIA's dear terreſtrial lodging come,
With look important ſay——'deſires——at three
Alone——your company——to drink ſome tea.'
Tho' TOM were mortal, MERCURY divine;
Tho' SYLVIA gave me water, VENUS wine;
Tho' heaven was here, and BOWSTREET lay as far
As the vaſt diſtance of the utmoſt ſtar;

To SYLVIA's arms with all my ſtrength I'd fly;
Let who would meet the beauty of the ſky.

To SYLVIA.

STILL let us love, my SYLVIA, and be wiſe;
Look grave ſometimes, but in our hearts deſpiſe
The things which formal hypocrites adviſe.
The ſun, whoſe flagging beams decline at night,
Riſes each morn with freſh recruited light:
But we, when once we've ſpent our ſcanty day,
Muſt bid good-night to pleaſure, love and play,
And ſleep a whole eternity away.
Then, while you live, be conſtant to employ
Each ebbing moment in th' affairs of joy;
When privacy permits, and youth requires,
Exert your ſtrength, and light up all your fires;
Wreſtling detain the angel of delight,
And force a bleſſing ere he takes his flight.
Ten thouſand kiſſes let your lips prepare,
The balmy prelude to the lovers war,
Thick as the whirling ſands on LYBIA's coaſt,
Suck'd in confuſion, and in rapture loſt.
O VENUS! grant thy ſuppliant ſuch a death;
O'erwhelm'd in ſtorms like this to loſe his breath.
Or when the fated point of time draws nigh,
Stretch'd on the ſacred altar let me lie,
SYLVIA the prieſteſs, and the victim I.
As under IDA's ſhades almighty JOVE,
Bath'd in the ſweets of ſoft ambroſial love,
Exhauſted lay on JUNO's panting breaſt,
Godlike diſſolving to immortal reſt.

To SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, for ever lovely, deareſt maid,
With you compar'd, the lily and the roſe,
O'erwhelm'd in grief, recline their dewy head,
Nor this ſo pure, nor that ſo blooming ſhows:
In every clime your op'ning beauties bring
FLORA's whole wardrobe, a perpetual ſpring.

Unlock the treſſes of your burniſh'd hair,
Looſe let the ringlets o'er your ſhoulders ſpread;
Thus mix'd, we view them more diſtinctly fair,
Like trails of golden wire on ivory laid.
So PHOEBUS o'er the yielding ÆTHER ſtreams,
And ſtreaks the ſilver clouds with brighter beams.

So finely turn'd your poliſh'd eye-brows riſe,
As model'd by young CUPID's heav'nly bow;
And ſure his fatal ſhafts are in your eyes,
Which at the gazing world in ſport you throw.
O nymph, to eaſe your lover's throbbing ſmart,
Yield, and prepare for a revenging dart.

Your honied lips, like fair vermilion bright,
Moiſt as DIONE's with a balmy ſweet,
Pouting for kiſſes, ſwell to give delight,
And part commodiouſly with mine to meet.
O come, like doves, my SYLVIA, let us bill,
Foin, thruſt, and parry with ingenious ſkill.

But ſtop! for ſo exceſſive is the bliſs,
It ſhoots like poiſon thro' my vital blood;

With pleaſing pain you ſtab at ev'ry kiſs,
O gods! and torture while you're kindly good.
Too lovely maid! regard my cruel caſe,
And heal me with a full complete embrace.

What roſy odours your ſoft boſom yields!
Heaving and falling gently as you breathe:
Like hills that riſe amidſt fair fertile fields,
With round ſmooth tops and flow'ry vales beneath.
So ſwell the candid ALPS with fleecy ſnow,
While myrtles bud, and violets bloom below.

Your ſpeech like muſic flows in charming ſtrains,
Your fragrant kiſſes with delight I taſte,
Your touch, like lightning, trembles thro' my veins,
And 'wakes my fancy to a freſh repaſt.
Raptures on raptures, an eternal round,
And joys on joys ſucceſſively abound.

If the fam'd pow'rs ſuch full fruition ſhare
In tranſports which their appetites refine;
If love and pleaſures are the buſineſs there,
What bliſs have they more exquiſite than mine?
SYLVIA, like heaven, does every ſenſe improve,
And melts down ev'ry paſſion into love.

HEATHEN PRIESTCRAFT.

FROM THE

Firſt book of OVID's FASTORUM.

I GRANT that ever ſince the world began,
The gods claim'd worſhip from their creature man;

But then, in offerings frugal as in food,
Their altars ſtood unſtain'd with victim blood;
They offer'd beſt who practis'd to be good.
As yet no foreign ſhip, with ſpices fraught,
Had myrrh and frankincenſe from INDIA brought;
Far off conceal'd along EUPHRATES' ſhore,
Thoſe balmy ſhrubs their fragrant bloſſoms bore.
Unvalu'd the rich cordial CROCUS grew,
Or only valu'd for its purple hue.
The prieſts their virtues firſt perceiv'd, and then
The gods requir'd them at the hands of men.
Before, green pot-herbs of good ſavoury ſmell,
The product of each garden, ſerv'd as well;
Or branching laurel, crackling as it blaz'd,
In blueiſh fumes the angry gods appeas'd.
Freſh garlands, woven from the flow'ry bank,
Were deem'd oblations of ſufficient rank:
Violets, if twiſted in among the reſt,
Brib'd high, and ev'n pronounc'd the ſuppliant bleſt.
Sharp tools, to kill and carve the ſlaughter'd beaſt,
Were ſince invented by ſome butcher prieſt;
Who, wiſely finding that the fleſh was good,
Feign'd that the gods muſt be appeas'd with blood.
CERES in wrath demands the routing ſwine,
BACCHUS the goat, for nibling of his vine.
The ſheep and ox, accus'd of no offence,
Seem'd to be doom'd without the leaſt pretence;
But our diſcreet divines declare that theſe
Do beſt of all the pow'rs immortal pleaſe;
That the gods leave their heaven for ſuch a treat;
True; for broil'd cutlets are delicious meat.
But yet ſometimes, to ſhift the artful ſcene,
Some gods are honour'd with a beaſt unclean;

If all which they requir'd were good to eat,
'Twould make mankind ſuſpect it all a cheat:
Some rites indiff'rent muſt be duly mixt,
To ſhuffle with the reſt and come betwixt.
Thus argues the deſigning crafty prieſt,
And thus conceals and carries on the jeſt:
Wherefore a dog at TRIVIA's altar dies:
Or a dead horſe may be a ſacrifice;
Such as the PERSIANS offer to the ſun,
Becauſe he's active and well made to run.
For, whether all the juggling pranks they do
Are advantageous to themſelves or no,
The prieſthood ſtill gives reaſons for each trick,
And make them all ſignificant alike.
Gallant PRIAPUS, guardian of our fruit,
An aſs requires, that aukward heavy brute:
But hear the cauſe his reverend clergy give;
'Tis no unpleaſant legend, as I live.
When ancient GREECE triennial honours paid
To BACCHUS with the ivy-circled head,
Each rural deity was made a gueſt,
And chear'd with mirthful pleaſantries the feaſt.
PAN and his crew of luſtful ſatyrs came,
Whoſe youthful blood burnt with venereal flame:
For the bright nymphs, from every ſtream and grove
Aſſembled there, inſpir'd their hearts with love.
There old SILENUS came, in uſual ſtate,
Aſtride his aſs, ridiculouſly great.
There the rough * patron of the gardens too,
With well-hung enſign march'd, expos'd to view;
And came where all the company was laid
On moſſy beds beneath a ſpreading ſhade.

* *Priapus*

Their wine by BACCHUS was ſupply'd alone,
But each was crown'd with garlands of his own.
A limpid brook roll'd thro' the matted graſs,
At once to cool and qualify the glaſs.
The woody nymphs, part with looſe flowing hair,
Their ſnowy necks, and heaving breaſts all bare,
Part dreſt, and with embraided treſſes crown'd,
Their ſhapely legs in ſilver buſkins bound,
With lily hands, the fragrant dinner dreſt,
And added to the flavour of the feaſt.
The gentle breeze that wav'd their thin attire,
Fan'd in the rural gods an am'rous fire.
There PAN, his brow begirt with mountain pines,
Ogling, in ſighs his captive heart reſigns.
SILENUS too with untam'd luſt was ſtung,
Whoſe everlaſting lewdneſs keeps him young.
But ſtiff PRIAPUS, warden of the groves,
With LOTIS ſmitten, only LOTIS loves;
On her his wiſhes and his eyes are fix'd,
And all his talk with double meanings mix'd.
But beauty's often temper'd with diſdain,
The fair with ſcorn regards her lover's pain;
She awes the letcher with a diſtant pride,
And haughty ſmiles his public flame deride.
Now night advanc'd, and wine and revels done,
Eaſy repoſe with gentle ſleep came on.
The burning god obſerv'd where, tir'd with play,
LOTIS beneath a ſhady maple lay;
Stretch'd out ſupine upon a graſſy bed,
Upon a flow'ry turf reclin'd her head.
He roſe, and, ſilent as the ſteps of death,
On tiptoe ſoftly ſtealing, held his breath,
Till he had crept within the bliſful bow'r
That gave his utmoſt wiſhes to his pow'r.

And now, afraid leſt ev'ry moving air,
E'en her own breath might wake the ſlumb'ring fair,
The neighb'ring turf with tender care he preſt;
Still lay the nymph o'erwhelm'd in downy reſt:
O'erjoy'd the god her veſture upward drew,
And to the goal with furious vigour flew;
When the grave pad of old SILENUS bray'd,
And moſt unluckily his plot betray'd.
The nymyh awaken'd ſtrove with all her might
To ſtop the eager dotard's fond delight,
And, rolling ſidelong from his hot embrace,
Scream'd out and fill'd with loud alarms the place.
The ſilver moon, juſt breaking from a cloud,
Shew'd where the god in ſtrange confuſion ſtood,
Too well provided for the feats love,
And quite expos'd to all the laughing grove.
For this the aſs was victim'd, and from hence
All aſſes ſuffer for that one's offence.
The feather'd warblers, whoſe melodious lay
Gladdens the ſhade from ev'ry leafy ſpray,
With love and innocence ſecurely bleſt,
Might hope to 'ſcape the bloody minded prieſt.
But theſe, they ſay, the gods command to kill,
As creatures that reveal the heav'nly will;
When in ſwift flight they ſtretch their painted wing,
Or when they raiſe their thrilling voice and ſing.
Thus from her mate the ſpotleſs turtle torn
Is often to the flaming altar born.
Thus geeſe for Io's ſplendid feaſt are carv'd,
Tho' once a gooſe the capitol preſerv'd.
Nor ought avails the cock his coral creſt,
His ſhining plumes, and gloſſy varying breaſt,
Since his ſhrill note which wakes the morning light
Offends the gloomy goddeſs of the night.

Thus ſays the prieſt, providing at his wiſh
A roaſted gooſe, that very ſpecial diſh;
And, to reward his ſacerdotal toil,
For him the cock, for him the pigeons broil.

THE

NAKED TRUTH

From the ſecond book of OVID'S FASTORUM.

OF the gay ſilvan god, that wildly roves
O'er fair ARCADIA'S plains and ſhady groves,
That haunts each gurgling ſpring and flow'ry dale,
Where opening TEMPE ſpreads its happy vale,
Where green CYLLENE rears her lofty head,
And ſtreaming LADON cuts the graſſy mead,
Of FAUNUS is my ſong. Aſſiſt my verſe,
O woody ſaint, while I thy rites rehearſe.
ROME, for ſtrict piety of old renown'd,
With flowrets ſweet thy verdant altars crown'd,
With thee her wide PANTHEON pleas'd to grace,
Tho' now inferior ſaintlings fill the place.
At thine, the giddy ſuperſtitious croud,
As now at their proceſſions, ſtar'd and bow'd.
On FAUNUS' feaſt they ſanctify'd the day
With rubric, temple, carnival and play.
But ſure their cult indecently they paid,
And nature's privacies too much diſplay'd;
Uncloth'd thy prieſts their myſtic meaſures trode,
And naked honour'd thee their naked god.
Forgive the muſe, if, ludicrouſly bold,
The wanton maid thy ſecrets dare unfold;

If ſhe, jocoſe, the fabled cauſe relates,
To ſee his clergy cloth'd why FAUNUS hates.
'Twas ſummer; PHOEBUS, with declining ray,
Began to ſlope the tedious ſultry day;
When FAUNUS, circled with his horned throng,
On the ſoft turf ſecurely lay along.
Here from the chace fatigu'd, and faint with heat,
Under the ſhade he ſought a cool retreat.
No ſunny beams here pierc'd the leafy trees,
Which nor excluded quite the fanning breeze,
The fanning breeze among the branches blew,
And open'd to the north a diſtant view.
From hence the goatiſh deity deſcry'd
ALCIDES walking with his LYDIAN bride,
When ſtarting, with an am'rous look he gaz'd,
And while he look'd, her blooming beauty prais'd.
O happy ſwain! he gently ſighing ſaid,
Who uncontrol'd enjoy ſo bright a maid;
Stop, and with one dear ſight a rival bleſs,
Let me admire the nymph whom you poſſeſs.
And you, brown mountain-goddeſſes, whoſe charms
Fade in the light, which now my boſom warms,
No more with ill-plac'd love I'll kneel to you;
Adieu, brown mountain-goddeſſes, adieu.
Thus, as ſhe walk'd, her air and gay attire
Fed the quick flames of his prevailing fire,
Her ſnowy neck embrown'd with flowing hair,
Like light in ſhades appear'd more brightly fair.
Embroider'd gold her purple mantua grac'd,
A golden girdle bound her ſlender waſte,
A gilt umbrella HERCULES upheld,
Which from the fair the ſcorching beams repell'd.
Now time inſenſibly beguil'd with talk,
Brings evening on, and finiſhes their walk;

HESPER's bright lamp flames in the ruddy weſt,
And ſhews the buſy world 'tis time to reſt.
Down the deſcending mount they take their way,
And winding vineyards o'er the vale ſurvey;
And now are at their coolly grot arriv'd,
By nature, imitating art contriv'd.
The roof of unhewn pumice vaulted hung,
Round the rough entrance claſping ivy clung.
Near which a purling ſpring, that down diſtill'd,
A ciſtern, hollow'd with its dropping, fill'd.
Here, while the ſervants, with officious haſte,
Prepar'd for ſupper, and the ſide-board plac'd,
The ſprightly nymph a frolic fancy try'd,
And dreſt her rough ALCIDES like a bride.
A crimſom pall, varied with purple hue,
Of fineſt ſilk ſhe o'er his ſhoulders threw:
Then with her ſcanty girdle would have brac'd,
The ample circuit of his brawny waſte;
And giggled much his limbs ſo large to find,
As in her widen'd plaits were ſcarce confin'd.
Herſelf put on the lion's ſhaggy hide,
The weighty quiver rattled at her ſide;
Then graſp'd the club the mighty hero bore,
Who never felt ſo ſoft a touch before.
Thus, for a whim prepoſterouſly clad,
They ſupp'd and went to bed in maſquerade:
But lay that night apart, reſolv'd to riſe
And chaſtly pay their morning ſacrifice:
A tribute due to BACCHUS the divine,
The author of all good, love, mirth, and wine.
Now all was huſh'd, for now 'twas midnight hour
When FAUNUS ventur'd to the roſy bow'r.
Love, whoſe inſinuating tickling dart
To action can excite e'en woman's heart,

Drove the hot lover from his ſhady home,
On dangerous attempts abroad to roam,
Thro' all the gloomy horrors of the night,
Scorning unmanly fear and pale affright.
And now, the entry to the grotto found,
He ſpread his bawdy hands, and grop'd around.
Here firſt embalm'd in wine, the ſervants lay
Careleſs, and ſnor'd the live-long night away.
The blund'ring god, his hopes from hence advanc'd,
To find their quaffing lord as deep entranc'd,
Arm'd with a greater boldneſs ventur'd in,
And thought to act ſecure the luſcious ſin.
Firſt, by good hap, the bliſsful bed he found,
Which with ſucceſs his wiſhes might have crown'd.
But when will ſublunary creatures dare
To truſt their wants with providence's care?
Each on his own diſcretion ſtill relies,
And moſt miſtakes, when moſt he thinks he's wiſe.
Thus far'd the god, who, had he not believ'd
His own ſurmiſes, ne'er had been deceiv'd.
For, when he felt the ſhaggy lion's hair,
The rugged covering of the comely fair,
Struck with a ſudden dread he ſtarted back,
As when the ſhepherd in the thorny brake,
Treads unawares upon a ſleeping ſnake.
Then, ſtealing forward to th' adjoining couch,
Whoſe ſilk with ſoftneſs met his gentle touch,
He mounted on the ſide that next him lay,
His ſpear advanc'd and ready for the fray.
But lifting up the clothes, and feeling there,
He found huge legs all rough with thickſet hair.
Surpris'd, and groping farther ſtill in vain,
His curious ſearch alarm'd the ſturdy ſwain,

Whoſe backſtroke firſt recoiling at his head,
Tumbled the ſilvan from the lofty bed.
The noiſe diſturb'd the nymph, who, in a fright,
Call'd up the ſlaves, and bid them bring a light.
A light was brought, which ſoon diſcover'd all;
Poor FAUNUS bruis'd and groaning with his fall;
Who ſcarce could raiſe his batter'd limbs from ground:
A ridicule to all the drunken vaſſals round.
Loud laugh'd the well begotten ſon of JOVE,
The LYDIAN damſel laugh'd, to ſee her love
With uncouth pain diſtort his ſatyr's face,
Aſham'd and limping from th' unlucky place.
The god, by clothes thus fatally beguil'd,
His hopes betray'd, his amorous fancy foil'd,
Hates all attire; and hence his wanton prieſts
Admit the naked only to his feaſts.
Then, to refreſh and purify the heart,
Divines would only view each outward part;
But modern ROME, to ſcour us all from ſin,
Appoints a prying prieſt to peep within.
Both bent to know the ſecrets of mankind,
The body thoſe perus'd, but theſe the mind.

ON

FLORINDA.

Seen while ſhe was bathing.

'TWAS ſummer, and the clear reſplendent moon,
Shedding far o'er the plains her full-orb'd light,
Among the leſſer ſtars diſtinctly ſhone,
Deſpoiling of its gloom the ſcanty night,

When, walking forth, a lonely path I took
Nigh the fair border of a purling brook.

Sweet and refreſhing was the midnight air,
Whoſe gentle motions huſh'd the ſilent grove;
Silent, unleſs, when prick'd with wakeful care,
PHILOMEL warbled out her tale of love:
While blooming flow'rs, which in the meadows grew,
O'er all the place their blended odours threw.

Juſt by the limpid river's cryſtal wave,
Its eddies gilt with PHOEBE's ſilver ray,
Still as it flow'd a glittering luſtre gave
With glancing beams that emulate the day;
Yet oh! not half ſo bright as thoſe that riſe
Where young FLORINDA bends her ſmiling eyes.

Whatever pleaſing views my ſenſes meet,
Her intermingled charms improve the theme;
The warbling birds, the flow'rs that breathe ſo ſweet,
And the ſoft ſurface of the dimpled ſtream,
Reſembling in the nymph ſome lovely part,
With pleaſure more exalted ſeize my heart.

Rapt in theſe thoughts I negligently rov'd,
Imagin'd tranſports all my ſoul employ,
When the delightful voice of her I lov'd
Sent thro' the ſhades a ſound of real joy.
Confus'd it came with giggling laughter mixt,
And echo from the banks reply'd betwixt.

Inſpir'd with hope, upborn with light deſire,
To the dear place my ready footſteps tend,

Quick, as when kindling trails of active fire
Up to their native firmament aſcend:
There ſhrouded in the briers unſeen I ſtood,
And thro' the leaves ſurvey'd the neighbouring flood.

FLORINDA, with two ſiſter-nymphs, undreſt,
Within the channel of the cooly tide,
By bathing ſought to ſoothe her virgin-breaſt,
Nor could the night her dazzling beauties hide.
Her features, glowing with eternal bloom,
Darted, like HESPER, thro' the duſky gloom.

Her hair bound backward in a ſpiral wreath
Her upper beauties to my ſight betray'd;
The happy ſtream concealing thoſe beneath,
Around her waſte with circling waters play'd;
Who, while the fair one on his boſom ſported,
Her dainty limbs with liquid kiſſes courted.

A thouſand CUPIDS, with their infant arms,
Swam paddling in the current here and there;
Some, with ſmiles innocent, remark'd the charms
Of the regardleſs undeſigning fair;
Some, with their little eben bows full-bended,
And levell'd ſhafts, the naked girl defended.

Her eyes, her lips, her breaſts exactly round,
Of lily hue, unnumber'd arrows ſent;
Which to my heart an eaſy paſſage found,
Thrill'd in my bones, and thro' my marrow went:
Some bubbling upward thro' the water came,
Prepar'd by fancy to augment my flame.

Ah love! how ill I bore thy pleaſing pain!
For while the tempting ſcene ſo near I view'd,
A fierce impatience throb'd in every vein,
Diſcretion fled, and reaſon lay ſubdu'd;
My blood beat high, and with its trembling made
A ſtrange commotion in the ruſtling ſhade.

Fear ſeiz'd the timorous NAIADS, all aghaſt
Their boding ſpirits at the omen ſink,
Their eyes they wildly on each other caſt,
And meditate to gain the farther brink;
When in I plung'd, reſolving to aſſuage,
In the cool gulph, love's importuning rage.

Ah, ſtay, FLORINDA! (ſo I meant to ſpeak)
Let not from love the loveliеſt object fly!
But, ere I ſpoke, a loud combining ſqueak,
From ſhrilling voices, pierc'd the diſtant ſky:
When ſtraight, as each was their peculiar care,
Th' immortal pow'rs to bring relief prepare.

A golden cloud deſcended from above,
Like that which whilom hung on IDA's brow,
Where JUNO, PALLAS, and the queen of love,
As then to PARIS, were conſpicuous now.
Each goddeſs ſeiz'd her fav'rite charge, and threw
Around her limbs a robe of azure hue.

But VENUS, who with pity ſaw my flame
Kindled by her own AMORET ſo bright,
Approv'd in private what ſhe ſeem'd to blame,
And bleſs'd me with a viſion of delight;
Careleſs ſhe dropt FLORINDA's veil aſide,
That nothing might her choiceſt beauties hide.

I ſaw ELYSIUM and the milky way
Fair-opening to the ſhades beneath her breaſt;
In VENUS' lap the ſtruggling wanton lay,
And while ſhe ſtrove to hide, reveal'd the reſt.
A mole embrown'd with no unſeemly grace,
Grew near, embelliſhing the ſacred place.

So pleas'd I view'd, as one fatigu'd with heat,
Who near at hand beholds a ſhady bow'r,
Joyful, in hope, amidſt the kind retreat,
To ſhun the day-ſtar in his noontide hour;
Or as when parch'd with droughty thirſt he ſpies
A moſſy grot whence pureſt waters riſe.

So I FLORINDA———but beheld in vain:
Like TANTALUS, who in the realms below
Sees bluſhing fruits, which to increaſe his pain,
When he attempts to eat, his taſte forego.
O VENUS! give me more, or let me drink
Of LETHE's fountain, and forget to think.

THE END.

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